

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

Sunday.

My Violet.

If only the British public  
would not celebrate Paris  
making praise - or if only  
the maker would provide  
adequate voices, & Broadwood  
pianos - O. God! how I suffer.

You will tell me it is nothing  
to typhoid fever - but the  
injury to the mind is greater  
than the injury to the body.

Read your Plato.

Well -

at Gordon Square

Bloomington

I am so sick of writing bulletins -  
 & I know joy is the kind of  
 mind that is really happier  
 in a sick room. Ah ha -  
 You can't call me a <sup>NYPL</sup> healing  
 happy Wallaby! But  
 I must waste this sheet of  
 paper. which is perhaps the most  
 sacred of gods handiwork. - I  
 must only use it with this kind of  
 stuff - when really I might  
 inscribe words of fire & flame.  
 What is the difference between a  
 word of fire & a word of flame?  
 Ask Swinburne.

or Elia, if she is in the room.  
Hersa is so weak I cant think very  
sick room details about her. & apt that  
she said she was having indigestion  
yesterday & so they are giving up  
her milk. Thompson comes to see  
her tomorrow for the last time.  
He says she is "splendid" - you will  
give me a prod in the ribs of love.  
I take me to efface myself - efface  
myself & efface myself - but when you  
see me next you will regret the loss  
of my nose. Some people thought it  
was my finest feature: others  
hinted that a little pumice stone  
applied to the tip, as they called  
it 'the point' might be as well:  
only one, Miss Violet Dickinson, said  
"Rub it off altogether: pain in  
tooth is less in Heaven: the noseless  
enter where the nosy are denied"  
Aint that the kind thing you write

& have found in red!

Now, after this respite, about Shoby.

He is going on slowly but satisfactorily. Everything is healing, but he is not

to eat anything solid yet, & he is not to sit up. He draws beads in bed. & Peter reads Milton to him.

He can't write much, & he don't get letters. <sup>NYPL</sup> He is wonderfully good, &

Simon, his lawyer. has written a charming letter to returning his fee,

& hoping he will come back as soon as he can. I suppose you & he are about at the same stage now.

only I think he has had a much sharper attack. Still Thompson is quite satisfied. Dad has gone for a walk with Miss Trevelyan today, & he would send his love; indeed he does send his love - it is a permanent article. I am sure as much as I like. Now are you fond of me?

W.D.

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

Monday.

8?

My Violet.

Hena is very happy & well,  
so Snow writes. I get  
class letters, all detail that I hate.  
And you want more Vit!  
Well - Toby is going on well; he  
has chicken broth & kind,  
& will be up by Christmas.  
The Dr. approves this trip  
with Peter, but won't say  
yet when that will be - I  
suppose early in January.

It has a great many flowers &  
attentions, & is very good &  
delights his nurses. He is  
So he has a remarkable mind.

Now, are the invalids disposed of?  
And is it not right to end a  
sentence with a preposition?

We will turn to more interesting  
subjects - as, Walter Hadlam -  
my manuscript. Now notice

raise herself in bed, & call to the  
nurse to draw the blanket a little  
higher, & bid them take care  
Oum not to come in yet  
awhile. I am to lend them

all my unpublished works; & he  
will write me a sober criticism.  
Doesn't that do you good, & make you

believe that life holds possibilities?  
Further, he wishes to dedicate his  
translation of the Agamemnon to me,  
instead of to Swinburne; in gratitude  
for 3 pages of the finest criticism  
known to him which I wrote -  
I spatch'd 4 years ago! How  
many young letters with this rise  
up & bear fruit? I may  
be cultivating heaven know what  
flora.

Then I saw Fred Maitland, whom I  
loved. He gets more meaning into  
10 words than I do into 100 & than  
Shaw does into a 1000. - we will  
not go on with the calculation  
which might be painful. By the way,  
he brought me a packet of letters  
from distinguished people about the

book, & 2 when say that my  
part of it was 'beautifully done'  
I can't keep it the sacred subject;  
my note with here to be tapped  
when you come out. May I make  
your Mellins for you in future?  
He (this is F.M.) is really satisfied,  
I think, & sees it happy to Jennifer.  
Are you in what state of body or mind?  
My plan is to treat you as detached  
spirit; maybe <sup>NYP</sup> your body has typhoid;  
that is immaterial (you will be  
glad to hear) I address the immortal  
part, & show word & fire into the  
upper as well spirit inhabit.  
They pierce you like lightning. -  
snicken your soul; whereas, it I  
said How have you slept, & what food  
are you taking, you would sink into  
your nerves & arteries & your food  
pads & flesh; & perhaps your home might  
snuff & die there. Who knows?  
WAS

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury

Dec 6<sup>th</sup> 9 Sat.

My Violet.

Lena got off safely,  
wrapped in innumerable petticoats.  
I heard this morning that she is  
well & safer, & the country is  
lovely, & the house is comfortable,  
& snow is placed, & they sit  
with their feet on the fender,  
& take a walk in the sun -  
It is the life that suits her  
though I should wish for her

nearest pond. She is going  
to paint. Thompson says she  
has a constitution to be  
proud of - I always said so,  
in spite of winters.  
They want to go away for Xmas;  
I shouldn't think; but they  
think he will be <sup>up</sup> -  
We can go away afterwards.  
At Minna he offered us  
her house, & when could come &  
join us there - He is going  
on well; a fine fact but Peter  
comes with his box under his  
arm, though the house must have

lost its jewel.  
Well, it rains outside, & the only  
comfort is a hearth & a fire;  
& here you can have too I hope.  
besides which you may meet  
your old table with its flowers &  
its coronets; & your husband, &  
your Kateleen - I don't know  
what is missing in your Heaven;  
except a small animal that  
hums with its sweet.

I have been writing at my  
article; but it is very bad, &  
sometimes I think incoherent  
sense, (sense is almost chronic  
with me now) has paralyzed  
my genius. Still,

I can invent new puddings!

I want to write about  
Christina Bonetti; so  
if you can <sup>NYPL</sup> find out what  
she thought about Christianity  
or what effect religion had  
upon her poetry, I will  
write it on a post card you  
will do more for me than  
if you looked out a train,  
or bought a new hat.

So goodbye, my dear Wreath;  
do you think anybody in the world  
is quite as nice as you are?  
Are you modest or are you vain?  
I think the Christian soul can make a  
rather villain.  
M.A.

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

My Violet,

I hear you are doing as  
well as possible. That is  
the usual phrase. So are  
we here - but doing as well  
as possible still takes time.  
Nessa has beaten you all -  
She really is renovated all through -  
You should see her with a  
rose in her hair by her fire!  
Shoby has little ups & downs;  
last night he slept badly, indeed

that has been the difficulty  
with him all along, unless the  
Dr. doesn't seem to think it  
matters much. <sup>NYPS</sup> Otherwise

he is getting on, & we begin  
to scout the country in the  
distance. I have no idea  
how long these diseases take.

He sends his love.  
Adrian has gone off to Cambridge  
for Sunday, so I am

sitting over my solitary fire  
reading Dean Swift. If you

want to limit & define your own  
miseries, compare them with his -  
However I daresay you are glad  
to take them as they are,  
I dined with Kelly today,  
we talked our literary shop -  
If I were Edmund Spenser, I should  
know it better - & my puzzle is  
that she can't really be amused.  
But then you see his great melancholy  
eyes - & I don't know what a mercy  
it is to have something to talk  
about!

Katharine Tynne is a fine  
woman as you know; only I don't  
think she is a woman at all,  
but a great virgin tomboy with  
a life full of sorrow set down in

her suddenly. She doesn't know  
what to make of it: it is all  
crude & uncomfortable. You  
know only very rich soft natures  
like Henry's absorb such  
experiences. O how much  
I could write English. There  
been reading Shelley all the  
evening, till George came in &  
thought me lonely, & asked me  
to go & dine with them. So I  
made an excuse. Did you  
ever read Shelley? It is about as  
good as most things - as walking  
or running or talking or writing to  
Violet.

Well - I must put out the  
light, & take this to the post.  
It is a lovely night - but I hope  
you will sleep through it

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Dec 15

46, Gordon Square,  
Bloomsbury.

My Niolet.

Well, my good woman; as  
I am on the sea again, here I am  
Wonderful is the force of  
pen & ink. I like finding  
pen at twitter on my plate at  
breakfast - old Mam Waterbury  
feeble voice, saccharine with  
love (a chiding) for her  
springing. I do hope the  
other Cyphar can valence too; there

are ransoms floating down Piccadilly,  
in & out of the Club windows? That  
Miss Dickens eat a fish; & that  
her is that it was a solar, &  
another sq. place. <sup>NYPL</sup> Well,  
Theby is going on too, & will  
have some mince & chicken tomorrow;  
anything solid to bite he sq.  
They give him chocolate mean while.  
Snow didn't write to day; because, I  
suppose, I have her letter mostly  
unanswered. The kind of reflection  
you get of her a through Snow  
through the post, is watery & vituous  
but somewhat vacuous (does that

me an cowlike!) They eat a sheep,  
& do little sketches, & I daresay  
talk more about Peter than about  
art.

My sweet note is held to the friendliness  
of real life: (you will be glad to  
hear) I had a visit from Ikema  
Clough today & Mr. Prothero.  
Ikema is like a plump brown  
kneeb, or she certainly sings  
a wise song. I liked her -  
though why I take it for granted  
that I know her. I cannot say.  
She seems to be included somehow  
in my knowledge of human nature;  
not precisely specified. Wally, I

Saw Kitty too; & you malign her.  
She is even human, & capable of  
understanding that I differ, & get  
livr, & am perhaps human &  
respectable. She will never believe  
that I write; but you are <sup>one</sup> of the  
few people who will believe it.  
Gerald has gone to Egypt,  
for a month. He wants to  
feel warm, & the Club fire won't  
do. Really, I love Gerald: he  
has been very sympathetic & useful  
all this time.

Now, my little: take your  
medicine & think you <sup>NYPL</sup>.

Shall we ever meet again?  
Yours  
Zillah.